For the Children

THE LITTLE BROWN BULBS.

The little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground,
In their little brown nighties they slept very sound;
And winter he raged and he roared overhead,
But never a bulb turned over in bed.

But when spring came tip-toeing over the lea,
Her finger on lip, just as still as could be,
The little brown bulbs at her very first tread
All split up their nighties and jumped out of bed!

—Delineator.

POOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

Brucie's papa sat at the desk in his office when the telephone bell went "Ting-a-ling-ting."

"Dear me," he cried, impatiently, "can't I have one minute's peace?"

"Hello," he shouted. "Who is it?"

"It's me, papa," cried a small voice. "It's Bruce. Come home; somefin' awful's happenin'."

"What?" asked papa.

"Oh, somethin' awful. I'm bweedin' and I'm all alone. I'm terrible fwightened. Come home, papa, kick. It's in here again. Oh-h! Come kick, papa."

Brucie's plea ended in a shriek, then papa heard a crash, a wild howl, and Bucie's scream. Something awful was happening in the dining-room where the telephone hung. He dashed out of the office. Somebody called "Mr. Wilson" as he ran down the stairs, but Brucie's papa did not answer. He opened the door of the wheelroom, took the first bicycle he saw, and flew down the crowded street just as fast as the pedals would go round. He dodged in among wagons and in front of trolley cars. Drivers shouted at him, and once a policeman tried to catch him, but he did not even turn his head.

At last he caught sight of the little house in the big yard where Brucie lived. It looked very quiet and peaceful. He had expected to find it on fire or tumbled down by an earthquake, but he did not hear even a sound till he opened the front door. His hand shook while he turned the latch with his key.

"What if I am too late to save Brucie?" he thought.

He was not, for it was Brucie who came rushing through the hall to meet him. He was a dreadful sight. His clothes were torn and his face and hands were covered with scratches. His pinafore was stained with blood, and his yellow curls hung like a mop over his tear-stained eyes.

"Brucie, Brucie," cried his papa, "what is the matter?"

"It's Keen Victorbia," said the sobbing little boy. "Come and see."

He dragged his papa into the kitchen. Something was thumping and yowling frightfully. It was Queen Victoria, the big gray cat. She had squeezed her head into an empty salmon can and could not get it out. She was rushing about and banging the can either against the door, or the stove, or the wall.

Brucie's papa felt so relieved that he began to laugh. Then he led Brucie to the sink to sponge the blood off his face and hands.

"Now," said papa, after he had bathed Brucie's scratches with witchhazel, "now we will see what we can do for Queen Victoria."

The old gray cat was very cross. She tried to scratch papa, but she did not succeed, for he wrapped a towel about her. Then he put her between his knees and held her head while he sawed away at the tin can with a can-opener. Queen Victoria screamed wildly, but Brucie's papa did not mind, and presently off came the old can. When Queen Victoria was set free she crawled under the stove and began to smooth her ruffled fur. Then mamma came home. Papa and Brucie tried both at once to tell her the story, and at last she understood.

"Dear me!" she said, "how glad I am there was a telephone in the house, and that Brucie knew how to use it!"—I. G. Curtis, in Exchange.

OLD PROBLEMS.

When King Alfred the Great was reigning over England a thousand years ago, school children pondered over problems in arithmetic much as our boys and girls do now.

Here are two taken word for word from the lesson book of that day:

"The swallow once invited the snail to dinner. He lived just one league from the spot, and the snail traveled at the rate of only one inch a day. How long would it be before he dined?"

"An old man met a child. 'Good-day, my son,' said he. "May you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this; and if God give you one year in addition to the others, you will be a century old.' What was the boy's age?"—Exchange.

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie; "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "O, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly, a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we get the doctor the better."

"O mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."—Sunday-school Evangelist.